

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



OLD MR. BIX'S HALLUCINATION.

## GEORGE BURLEY;

HIS HISTORY, EXPERIENCES, AND OBSERVATIONS.

BY G. M. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES OF A CITY ARAB."

CHAPTER XLII.—DARKNESS.

REACHING London on the evening of the day after our leaving Fairmouth, Edwin and I took a hackney coach, which, having set me down at my grandfather's door in Silver Square, conveyed my companion to his home in Gracechurch Street.

"I am so glad you are come, Hurly," was Betsy Miller's first salutation when, after wiping her eyes with

the corner of her apron, she seized me by the hand, and hurried me into our common sitting-room.

"Where and how is my grandfather?" I asked, seeing that he was not present.

"He is in his office, Hurly, and is much as he was when I wrote to you. But the first thing is to get you something to eat and drink. You have been travelling a terrible long way, you know."

This was true; and true also that I was hungry. I was yet more anxious, however, and said that I would go and see my grandfather while Betsy was preparing the meal.

"I wouldn't if I were you, Hurly," the faithful creature exclaimed, hastily; "and yet," she added, "why not now? The shock must come."

More alarmed by this intimation than I can very well express, I hastened across the hall, and tapped at the door of the office. Receiving no audible summons to "come in," I cautiously opened the door.

My poor grandfather was seated on the floor, nursing a doll. His eyes were glassy and expressionless, his cheeks dreadfully haggard and yellow; his chin and lips were unshorn, so that a week's crop of white bristly hair had grown around his lips, to receive the slobberings of idiocy which trickled from his half-open mouth; his scanty gray locks, once so trimly kept, fell in ragged disorder over his forehead; and his hands, shrunken and feeble, seemed to tremble beneath the light burden they held.

"Grandfather! dear grandfather!"

"Hush, hush!" he whispered, rocking the puppet resemblance of babyhood gently to and fro. "Hush, hush!"

"Grandfather! Do you not know me?"

He looked up into my face with a ghastly smile, then down upon the thing in his arms with maudlin admiration. "William," he said, in a low tone of fondness; "his name is William;" and, raising it to his bending face, he pressed his lips to the wooden forehead.

I could bear no more. Shrinking back, I closed the door reverently on the humiliating spectacle, and returned to Betsy Miller.

"This is terrible!" I said.

"You may well say so, Hurly. I couldn't bear to tell you of it in my letter."

"How long has my poor grandfather been in this state?" I asked.

"Ever since the letter came from abroad, and that's a week ago yesterday. He sat in a maze, like, after he had read it, for a matter of three or four hours, it may be; and when I went into the office I couldn't make any sense of him at all. His poor wits were all gone wool-gathering, Hurly."

"And then, Betsy?"

"I tried to coax him and bring him round, Hurly, and asked him what the letter was about; for I didn't know then, of course. But I could make nothing of my poor master, only he told me to go away and not worry him. So I went, hoping he would come to if I left him alone—but, Hurly, I won't tell you any more till you have put something into your mouth; it isn't of any use for you to starve yourself. If you do, I shall have two patients upon my hands instead of one; and there's no use in that."

Good Betsy! She attempted to speak gaily; but her heart was heavy, and tears stood in her eyes, though she smiled. She had busied herself in hastily spreading a cloth, and loading the table with substantial viands; and now she stood with her arms folded in an old-fashioned manner of hers which I full well knew denoted determination. It may be supposed that I had no appetite left—my hunger was gone; but I compelled myself to go through the ceremony of eating, though every morsel I swallowed seemed as though it would choke me. At length I pushed away my plate, and Betsy, seeing that I could do no more, condescended to relax.

It would be both painful and tedious to follow Betsy Miller's narrative of my grandfather's sudden affliction. It is sufficient to say that through the remainder of the day of his seizure, and far into the next, he remained in a state of stupor from which it was exceedingly difficult

to rouse him for food or rest. Then, on the evening of the second day, a sudden change came over him, manifesting itself in violent and abusive language (my poor grandfather! to think that he should ever be violent and abusive!), and in loud lamentations that his child—his little Willy—had been taken from him. Roaming over the desolate, empty house in this state, and turning over the contents of closets, drawers, boxes, and cupboards, which had not been explored for many a year, he happened to light on a little hoard of my dear mother's and my uncle's playthings, which had been stored away when they ceased to be children—oh, so long, long ago!—and which I had been occasionally permitted to look at as something very sacred, in the days of my childhood.

With a wild cry of delight the poor maniac seized upon these hidden treasures. It seemed as though they recalled some long-forgotten incidents of the past, and reproduced in his disturbed mind images or shadows of the little ones who had played about him in their infancy. With a yet more maniacal shout, he disentombed and disentangled from the heap of worthless relics the great wooden doll which I had seen him dangling, and rushed away with it to his office.

"He doesn't part with it, night nor day," continued Betsy; "only the first night I stole it when he was asleep, and dressed it decent-like, as you saw it, and put it back again in his arms without his waking. And there he sits all day long, hushabying, for fear the baby should wake; and at night he takes it to bed with him, and lays it down by his side, with his arm underneath. He thinks 'tis his William. He has no thought for anything else; your grandmother is clean gone out of his mind, and so is your mother, Hurly. As for me, he knows no more of me than if I was a complete stranger."

"He did not seem to know me," I rejoined, and asked, "Does he take no food?"

"Very little, Hurly; scarcely enough to keep life in him; and he sleeps but little, either. Times and times I slip into his room o' nights, and only that second night, when I dressed the doll, have I found him with his eyes shut. He dozes a little in the daytime, and that is about all the sleep he gets, I think."

"I am afraid you have had little sleep yourself, my good old nurse," said I, looking more attentively than I had before done at her red and swollen eyelids and her careworn face. It seemed to me then that, since we parted, not much more than a month before, she had aged at least five years. And I said so.

"My dear, don't think about me," she replied; "it matters very little whether I look old or young; and, as to not getting any sleep, that will cure itself some of these days. I'll take it out all in a lump. The thing to think about now is what is to be done."

"We must get advice as soon as we can."

"If you mean doctor's advice, that has been took already," said Betsy. "Our old doctor—Dr. Squills, you know—has been to see your poor dear grandfather, and comes in every day; and all he says is, 'We must wait, Betsy; we must wait. The symptoms will change by-and-by.'"

"We must get further advice."

"Not to send my good old master to a mad-house, Hurly! That's what Dr. Squills said at first; and, if I didn't give him a setting down, don't you ever believe me again."

I had no doubt that Betsy did give the gentleman "a setting down." And, not wishing the same or a similar operation to be performed on me, I hastened to appease her jealous suspicion. "I did not think of such a thing

as sending my grandfather to a lunatic asylum," I said; nor did I think of it.

"Because," continued Betsy, "sooner than send the dear old gentleman to one of them malignancy places, I'd have my hand chopped off. Yes, I'd chop 'em both off myself at the wristles. There!"

What Betsy meant by "malignancy" may be explained, I suppose, by malignant, or evilly disposed. How she could have performed the deed she threatened, she never attempted to explain. I only know that it was a favourite maledictory phrase of hers, when excited. And even this admitted of variations or degrees. In a moderate heat she would threaten her *wrists*; when warmer, she spoke of her *wristes*; it was only when in a boiling, effervescing state of passion that her eloquence rose to *wristeses*. I knew then what was to be expected by the party to whom or by whom she was opposed. I was too wise, therefore, and also too sympathetic with her, to cross her strong prejudices at this time; and I assured her again that a lunatic asylum was the last place in which I should wish to see my poor grandfather, even if I had the power of sending him to one, which of course I had not. "But I am not satisfied with Dr. Squills's skill and judgment in this case," I added; "and we must call in a second physician to-morrow."

Betsy was very agreeable to this, and then, turning to another matter, she informed me that, on the day after the receipt of the foreign letter, Mr. Fawley, the lawyer, called at Silver Square, and was shocked to find my grandfather in such a state of mental affliction; that it was from Mr. Fawley that she had learned the purport of the letter, and it was he who had advised her to write to me, and recall me home. She added that Mr. Fawley had repeated his visit daily, and had had consultations with Dr. Squills, saying that it was of the utmost importance that my grandfather should, if possible, be speedily restored to a state in which business could be transacted with him. "An easy thing for a lawyer to say," added Betsy; "but twenty lawyers, and twenty to that, can't do it."

I need not repeat what further transpired that evening. It was too late to see Mr. Fawley then, and Dr. Squills's diurnal visit had been paid. There was nothing better to be done, therefore, but to wait patiently till the morrow; only that, after once more contemplating with bitter anguish the melancholy wreck of mind, and persuading Betsy to call in additional help in her household affairs—which she had no difficulty in doing—I hurried to Gracechurch Street, and reported the sorrow into which I was plunged. This did me good, for I received abundant and sincere sympathy, with a peremptory request from Mr. Millman not to think of returning to business until matters at home were in a more satisfactory state.

CHAPTER XLII.—A DIGRESSION AND A RETROSPECT.

And now I may be permitted to break off my narrative of consecutive events, to give one short chapter of the experiences of an inner life. In doing this I must take a retrograde step over many past months and years.

Referring in my mind to what I have previously written, I remember having spoken of myself as exceedingly ignorant of spiritual truths. In my childhood and boyhood the Bible was very frequently in my hands; but as far as my heart was concerned it was, to all intents and purposes, a sealed book. I liked reading its histories; and, as it never entered my head that the time would ever come when professed teachers of Christianity, and grave dignitaries of any section of the Christian

Church, would openly declare those histories to be myths and fables—contrary to human science, and impossible when tested by the Rule of Three—I believed them.

I am glad of this now; glad that the reverence which had been instilled into me, first of all, by Betsy Miller, for the Scriptures, was never rudely shaken, in those early days of my life, by the assaults of infidelity, scepticism, rationalism, worldly wisdom, or ignorant prejudice; glad to remember that I, as a boy, received the Bible, and read it, and admired it, as it is in truth, as the word of God, and not as the word of man; glad that the profound awe with which I then regarded the very book itself, as being something directly appertaining to the great God who made me, so that I would rather have received a personal hurt than that the Bible in my school-desk should be rudely and irreverently treated, has never forsaken me to this hour. Yes, I am glad of this; glad that I never doubted, never scorned; glad that I can say now—

"Should all the forms that men devise  
Assault my faith with treacherous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart;"

glad to remember how in those early days of my youth, when, in a new romance I was reading, I lighted on these lines—

"Within this sacred volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries.  
Happiest they of human race  
To whom God has granted grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch and force the way;  
And better had they ne'er been born  
Who read to doubt or read to scorn"

—I say I am glad to remember that, when I came to these lines in the romance, my eyes were made moist and my heart joyful by the discovery that a novelist could speak or write so truly and boldly of God's Bible. I thought it was a noble thing of the then unknown author of those marvellous stories, which in their first freshness so captivated the world, to stand up like a man and a Christian for the blessed Bible. I thought so then, and I think so now.

Well, these being my boyish feelings of reverence and respect for the Bible, I used to read it with interest. I liked its true, yet strange and wonderful histories. In my imagination, I lived before the Flood, and dwelt in Eden's bowers; witnessed, horror-stricken, the first murder; looked on while Noah and his workmen were building the ark, and then saw it floating on the waters. In the same rapt spirit of dreamy forgetfulness of the present I traversed the plains of Mamre, accompanied the old patriarch Abraham, with his youthful Isaac, to the mount of sacrifice, saw the glittering knife for one moment lifted above the bare breast of the submissive victim, and heard the angel's voice calling upon the sacrificing father to forbear. With Isaac I walked abroad in the cool of the evening, and, lifting my eyes, saw afar off the train of camels, with Rebekah, the betrothed bride, hasting to meet her future husband. With Jacob—whom I did not then like so well as his rougher brother Esau—I laid my head on a stone for a pillow, and dreamed of angels ascending and descending, by their wonderful ladder, to and from heaven. But why do I dwell on these old remembrances now? There is no necessity, at any rate, to go on tearing them up to shreds and tatters: it is enough to say that, before I left school, I suppose there were none of the narrative portions of the Bible, including the Gospels of the New Testament and the Acts of the Apostles, with the leading events of which I was not as intimately acquainted as with the history of my own short life.



And yet—I have said it and repeat it—as far as my spiritual life was concerned, the Bible was to me a sealed book. A veil was on my heart, and I did not apprehend the truths which lay within my grasp. My readers may remember—or shall I repeat?—that, after the narrow escape I had from drowning, I was very much surprised at its being questioned whether, at that time, I were “fit to die.” Fitness for death, and judgment hereafter, I had never much thought about. It may be remembered, too, that a few words spoken by Mr. Millman, in his very short sermon—as he pleasantly called it—stirred up in my mind certain doubts as to whether all was safe and right with me; and, though these doubts did not much disturb me at that time, I trace back to the impression then made the first dawnings of a better life in my soul.

Well, I left school, as I have already recorded, and after a short time became intimate with the Millmans—with Mr. Millman, next to Edwin, especially, not only as my employer, but as my personal friend (if I may presume so to boast) and my adviser. Now this was, undoubtedly, a critical era in my life. I was not indisposed to think well of religion, and to acknowledge that it demanded personal attention; at any rate I was not prejudiced against it, and I was very far from being determined to neglect it; and I was easily impressible—more impressible for evil than for good, doubtless; but I was alive to the beauty of true goodness. I was also observant. I may say this without making any boast of being sharp and clever, because I have known many great simpletons who have possessed this quality.

This, then, was my mental or intellectual position with regard to vital godliness and evangelical truth when I first entered Mr. Millman's house. I was ignorant, you see—more ignorant than I ought to have been, all things considered; but I was not unwilling to be taught. As to my moral character, it was outwardly correct. No one could have charged me with any flagrant violation of the duties due to my immediate neighbours. The less I say of the state of my heart, and affections, and desires, however, the better for the purity of these pages. I did not know then—ah, I do not know now entirely and fully—how desperately criminal in the sight of God and all holy beings were the imaginations of my heart, how utterly short I came of the requirements of God's holy and perfect law.

Mr. Millman was a “professor”—that is to say, a professor of religion. I know I am laying myself open to a sneer by using a word, in this connection, which was more common at the time of which I am writing than it is now. Then it was not unusual to call any member of a Christian church of whatever denomination, or any regular communicant, and sometimes any constant attendant on an evangelical ministry, by the name of a professor. If the title has entirely dropped, it is of no great consequence. Men and women were none the better for being called professors; but, at the same time, let me say they were none the worse for it. May be, if self-adopted, it flavoured a little of the “Stand by: I am holier than thou;” or of “The temple of the Lord—the temple of the Lord are we,” of the ancient Pharisees. But, on the other hand, a consciousness of being looked upon by the surrounding world as “a professor” might have a tendency to promote that circumspection and carefulness in daily walk and conversation which are incumbent on every Christian, and induce the true child of God to pray more earnestly, “Hold thou me up in my going, that my feet slip not. Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness, because of those who observe me.”

These reflections have led me away from Mr. Mill-

man: let me return. I soon learned, what, indeed, was no secret, that my employer was an active and leading man in the religious society and congregation with which he was connected; and that his name stood prominent and high in what was called “the religious world.” My observation of him was, therefore, proportionally keen. I do not say that it was ill-natured; I do not think it was; and I am sure it was not suspicious; but it was on the alert. Now, if I had seen, in his daily intercourse with the world, or in any particular business transactions, or in his behaviour in his domestic circle, anything inconsistent with his “profession,” I should have been sorry for him, but I might also have been prejudiced against religion itself, or might, at any rate, have been confirmed in my wavering, procrastinating thoughts regarding a personal striving to enter in at the strait gate and narrow way which lead to eternal life.

But I could detect nothing of the sort, for Mr. Millman's practice exactly squared with his profession. And to this conclusion I was compelled to come, not only in consequence of my own observations, but because of the united and uniform testimony of others. I heard occasionally, from fellow-clerks who were not “professors,” covert sneers at Mr. Millman's Methodism; but I never heard a word—no, not a syllable—breathed against his integrity, or his kindness, or his benevolence, or his considerateness; on the contrary, the same gently scolding tongues would candidly trace home the noblest traits in his character to his religion. “Oh, he will do it, I dare say” (this in reference, perhaps, to some loving attempt at the alleviation of distress and sorrow)—“he will do it: it is just like his Methodism, you know;” or, “Mr. Millman won't be hard upon the rascal” (this in reference to an unfortunate debtor): “he is too much of a Methodist for that;” or, “Only prove that you are trying to do your best in his service, and, from principle, Mr. Millman will be your fast friend for life.” All this, and much more to the same effect, I heard again and again from the lips of men who would have found fault with the religion of their employer if they could have done so. The apostle James challenges those to whom he writes to show their faith *without* works (if they can), and tells them that he will show his faith *by* his works. I never read this without thinking of Mr. Millman. He, certainly, showed his faith by his works.

It was in his family, however, that Mr. Millman's Christianity stood out in its most affectionate aspect. He had experienced a sad and life-long trial in the death of his wife; but it had evidently wrought in him more fully the peaceable fruits of righteousness. He had, at times, a good deal of care and necessary anxiety in connection with his extensive business; but care and anxiety never made him morose: so far as I ever witnessed, and I had abundant opportunities for witnessing, he had always a cheerful countenance at home; and, if his heart was not always light, it was always ready to sympathize with his children and friends in their pleasures. And I must say a word for “aunt Rhoda” here. She also was a “professor,” and it is wonderful the amount of genial kindness and good temper there was wrapped up, so to speak, in her prim formality and old-maidishness. Aunt Rhoda had had her personal sorrows. In the days of her youth she was engaged to be married, and, I believe, the wedding-day was fixed, when her affianced husband—a young clergyman—in visiting a fever and poverty-stricken abode in his parish, took the fever and died. A small locket, containing a minute portion of braided hair, and always worn suspended around her neck by a delicate gold chain, attested to the fidelity with which aunt Rhoda, after the lapse of a quarter of



a century or more, clung to the memory of her first and last lover. Nor was this her only sorrow. Years later she lost almost all her property by the dishonesty of an agent, in whose power it had been placed; and she had scarcely any other means of support than those derived from teaching, until she became her bereaved brother's housekeeper. To some minds these troubles would have been a perpetual source of morbid melancholy, and a standing excuse for irritability of temper; but, with aunt Rhoda, they seemed to produce an opposite effect; and I never recall her to mind without thinking of the words of the prophet, "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever. And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places; when it shall hail, coming down on the forest; and the city shall be low in a low place."

Without further enlargement on this subject, I shall only say that the constant observation of such beneficent and morally healthy traits in the characters of two foremost "professors" (scorn the term if you like, reader, but not the thing) wrought a beneficial effect on my mind which no amount of mere talk would have produced. In their case I saw that evangelical religion was a reality; that, while faith was the foundation, deeds were the edifice; if faith was the root, deeds were the branches, and the fruit; "faith, working by love."

And I verily believe that, by these means, God was graciously pleased to bring home conviction to my soul—a conviction that these, my kind and faithful friends, had something that I needed, and that that something was a cordial reception of Christ Jesus as my Saviour, and following him as my example. And I do sincerely feel assured that the Divine Spirit of God so effectually, though gradually, enlightened my mind and opened my eyes, at this time, to apprehend the foulness of my nature, and the need of soul-cleansing as well as pardon for past sins, and to behold wondrous things out of God's law, as to lead me, in the hope of heavenly strength being imparted, to resolve to give myself first to the Lord, and then to his people, according to the will of God.

If it be asked of me what all this has to do with the story I have undertaken to tell, I have only to say that, to my mind, it forms an integral part of it. At all events, I have this to say, that I do not know how I could so well have borne the present trial of my grandfather's terrible affliction, and the future vexations which I have yet to record, if I had not experienced the truthfulness, and fidelity, and certainty of the Divine promises—"Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

For I was in the greater trouble seeing that, added to the sorrowful stroke that had fallen on my grandfather, I had suddenly a weight of responsibility laid upon me which I was ill able to bear. Besides myself, poor demented Anthony Bix had no legal representative at hand, and I was not much over nineteen years old. It made matters the worse for me that, do what I might, I should usurp the power of my wretched uncle William; and it added to my perplexity that, at that moment, I knew where he was to be found. But could I recall him? would it be right for me to communicate with him, knowing what I knew of him?

I could not decide.

## UNIVERSITY LIFE AT OXFORD.

THE University year is very much broken up. It is not an uncommon saying with Oxford townspeople, that men are hardly there but they are gone again. The half-dozen journeys a year which are necessarily made to and from other remote parts of the country must be, pecuniarily and in other ways, a great drawback. Then comes the Long Vacation. It is called vacation; but the Oxford man has already had a great many holidays, and if he is wise, he will endeavour to turn this solid block of time to useful account. The short and hurried terms have been insufficient for real work; and, short as these terms are, work does not begin during the first few days, and is left off during the last few days. The work of the summer term is proverbially little enough. Any man who wishes to do justice to himself and his university must give up the bulk of his long vacation to hard, methodical work. It is remarkable that there are no reading parties at Oxford during the long vacations, as is so constantly the case at Cambridge; and, generally speaking, residence out of term time is not at all encouraged for undergraduates. Relaxation in vacations may be, and to a very large extent is, absolutely necessary; but to spend the whole of the long vacation in idleness, as is too often done by Oxford men, must in every point of view be ruinous. A great number of men resolve themselves into reading parties, and choose out some choice localities, by sea or mountain, lake or river, where they can combine regular work with healthful amusement. Each man of the set pays his share of the expense; and, in general, he gives a fee of £30 to the private tutor, or "coach," who accompanies the men in their expedition.

The examinations come on fast and frequent. Every term there is a certain kind of college examination, generally known as Collections, in which a man brings up the books read during the term, and has an examination thereon, and some composition or a paper of questions set him to do. The annual college examination, so universal at Cambridge, where the men are regularly classified, and valuable scholarships and prizes are assigned to the most meritorious, has hardly an existence at Oxford. But there are double the number of public examinations at Oxford which a man is obliged to pass before he can attain his degree; and, as a tolerably fair standard is kept up, the number of remorseless plucks is much greater at Oxford than at Cambridge. At the first of these Responsions, or "Little Go," schoolboy examination as it is, and easier than the Cambridge "Previous Examination," to which it corresponds, there is a searching grammar-paper, which often painfully exposes the shallow teaching, and want of sufficient elementary grounding, only too common in fashionable schools. After a time Moderations come on, in which both classical and mathematical men may compete for Classes, but where the mathematical men make only a very faint show by the side of the classical. This is pre-eminently the scholarship examination, which has to be compared with the Cambridge classical tripos. It has been said, with an oblique reference to Cambridge, "The distinction on which Oxford prides herself with regard to her class-men is, if the word may be allowed, *thoroughness*. She has always rejected a system more brilliant in appearance, but less valuable in reality, of acquiring language merely as language, and leaving the books by which a knowledge of it is to be tested unregulated as to name and number." This remark applies still more to the second public examination, in

*Literis Humanioribus.* Logic, also, the study which differences Oxford from Cambridge beyond any other fact, is now becoming a principal subject. Moderations, or the first public examination, are held twice a year, in Michaelmas and Easter terms; and no one can compete for honours after his twelfth term. Lastly comes the second public examination, in which there are four schools: Classics, Mathematics, Natural Science, Law and Modern History. Ordinarily each man is required to pass the examination in the classical and in one of the three other schools. At the present time, however, if a man has obtained a first, second, or third class in any one of the schools, he is released from any further examination, if he has taken up a certain number of books at Moderations, and has passed an examination in divinity, or books equivalent to the divinity examination, in the case of those who claim to be "*extra Ecclesiam Anglicanam*." All the examinations are partly written and partly *vivâ voce*. The certificate of a man's having passed is called the *Testamur*. The *vivâ voce* is a peculiar feature of the Oxford system; and, while it has many advantages, it has also the credit of frequently causing injustice to be done in the case of nervous men. After the degree is triumphantly obtained, various rewards and distinctions are still open to the young Bachelor of Arts, including the chance of a Fellowship, which is a title for orders, and is often a stepping-stone to high future distinction.

But how does the university supply the undergraduate with the means to cope with these periodical examinations? There is no royal road to learning, and the young scholar must always principally depend upon himself, upon his own steadiness, good sense, and powers of application. The tutorial agency is threefold. First, there is the college tutor; and, although his process is often thought cumbrous and tiresome, inasmuch as he has a great number of men at once, and cannot specially apply himself to any individual case, still his instruction is most valuable, and he trains men to encounter the terrors of the *vivâ voce* examination. It is often said that there is an enormous gulf between the college tutor and the undergraduate; but the tutor is willing enough, if he is allowed, to bridge this gulf, and to be of every use to his scholars. He is very often willing to give separate instruction to a promising man, to watch over his moral good, and approve himself a faithful friend and guide. The lectures of the professors are increasing in value, through the great eminence and activity of the staff; but they are of little real use in the attainment of either pass or class. Thirdly, there is the large staff of unofficial, unrecognised private tutors, in whose hands, more than in any other hands, is the real educational work of the university. Some use of this system is, perhaps, absolutely necessary in the case of those who would attain the highest honours. There are many objections, however, to it. Occasionally a particular private tutor comes into great vogue, and is so pressed by applications that crowd in upon him, and which he finds it difficult to refuse, that his pupils defeat their own object. Mr. Lowe, the member for Calne, was in his day a very successful private tutor, and has severely criticised the system. "I have myself," he said, "taken ten successive pupils in ten successive hours, term after term—a task neither fitting for the tutor nor just to the pupil." In an enlarged number of college tutors, their enlarged efficiency and ability, in their sense of responsibility and desire of usefulness, must always lie the best hope of the thorough working of the collegiate system.

Alma Mater well supports her claim to that kindly

title. She encourages and munificently rewards all honest and successful labours. She gives her children kindly, liberal nurture, and is perhaps only too kindly in the lightness of her restraints, in her permission of much idleness, and in not insisting that the university was meant for study rather than for ease, pleasure, and fashion. Although she allows a man abundant liberty, and leaves him, after lectures, the entire master of his time, yet, as we have hinted, she has her system of discipline, and exacts due penalties. An imposition or fine is often levied for trifling breaches of rule, such as tandem-driving, or being out "in beaver," that is, without the academical dress, after nightfall. A man is gated, that is, confined within the walls of his college, or rusticated, *i.e.*, sent down for a time, for gambling or other circumstances of positive vice or inveterate idleness; and this punishment sometimes deepens into expulsion from college and university. Few men have an acquaintance with these graver penalties; and far and wide over the land are multitudes who cherish love and gratitude towards Alma Mater, for many genial memories and high aspirations.

Legally speaking, the University of Oxford is a corporation, with an immemorial style and title conferred by Parliament, of the chancellor, masters, and scholars of the University of Oxford. It possesses large privileges conferred by letters patent. Its endowments are of vast extent, and are rapidly increasing in value. It has been stated by Mr. Neate, M.P., and Fellow of Oriel, that before very long the university will have sufficient funds to build and endow a new college annually. Various of its professorships and headships are endowed with cathedral preferment. It returns two members to Parliament. It promotes to a large proportion of the livings in the patronage of Roman Catholics. It has a press possessed of great privileges, and realizing large profits. It is well known that the printing of Bibles and Prayer-books belongs to this press. The University Commissioners reported that they are printed in the best manner, and sold at a rate so low that the public would probably gain nothing by an abolition of the monopoly.

The average number of undergraduates at Oxford may be roughly stated at 1300; and, although there is not the same proportion of the highest ranks of society as formerly, the intellectual reputation of the university never stood higher than at present. At the same time, Cambridge has a larger number of men, although she has not the same amount of accommodation for students, nor yet the same amount of endowments. The great officers of the university are the Chancellor (Lord Derby), an office which involves great honour and some cost to its possessor; the High Steward or Seneschal (Lord Carnarvon), the Vice-Chancellor, the Assessor of the Chancellor's Court, the Proctors, the Burgesses, the Public Orator, the Registrar, and others. Time would fail us to enumerate the various professorships whose chairs, for the most part, are liberally endowed.

In the year 1854 considerable changes were made in the government of the University of Oxford, by parliamentary legislation. The university has been self-governing, and it has its own statute-book. The corporate business of the university was managed through the House of Congregation and the House of Convocation. In addition, a Hebdomadal Board was instituted by Charles I., probably by the advice of Laud, which should meet every Monday, and take the initiative in university legislation. The parliamentary legislation of 1854 appears to have left untouched these old assemblies; but it created a third, called the Congregation of



the University of Oxford; and the powers, privileges, and functions of the Hebdomadal Board were transferred to a new body, called the Hebdomadal Council. The Congregation consists of certain official persons, and all members of Convocation reside within certain Oxford limits for a fixed period. The Hebdomadal Council is made up of five official members, six elected heads of houses, six elected professors, and six other members. These professors and other members may, however, be heads of houses. When the Hebdomadal Council have made any new statutes, they promulgate these in the Congregation; and, after an interval of three days, the congregators must accept or reject. On the occasion of the promulgation, members of the Congregation have a right to speak in English, and there is often some lively debating, but hardly so effective as that of the "Union." If the statute is approved by Congregation, it is then submitted, after an interval of seven days, to Convocation, which consists of all masters of art, and all doctors of the three superior faculties who have their names on the book. Every formal act of the university, and all its corporate business, must be done in Convocation; the granting of degrees is confined to the ancient House of Congregation, and is, in fact, the only business transacted by that venerable body. Convocation, however, has no power either of originating or amending. It can only accept or decline the propositions of the Hebdomadal Council. In Convocation elections to Parliament and elections to university offices take place. Convocation refers a great many details of administration to sub-committees, called Delegacies. Oxford Delegates, however, are not all appointed by Convocation; there are others for the Museum, and for local examinations, with which Convocation has nothing to do.

No subject at the present time is more anxiously discussed than that of university extension. The attention of the royal commissioners was greatly directed towards this subject, but at present very little has been done. The University of Oxford is an eminently national institution, and it is most desirable that the country at large, so far as possible, should share in the benefits that may be derived from her; and especially a larger supply of clergymen is required at this time by the Church of England, with whom Oxford is closely connected, and even identified. Some local efforts of a most praiseworthy kind have already been made at St. Mary's Hall and St. Alban's Hall, which obviate the necessity of furnishing and paying the large amount of caution-money required, and considerable assistance is rendered to deserving men who require such. The experiment of cheap education at Oxford, as tried by Mr. Chase, the Principal of St. Mary's Hall, appears to be eminently successful, and it would be well if it were better known and more widely carried out. It would be well also if, beyond her admirable systems for training the minds of the young, the university, with her abundant appliances, should be enabled to give special instruction in various departments of knowledge. The day is gone, that thirty thousand scholars should assemble at Oxford, way-worn pilgrims of Knowledge crowding with passionate love to what was then her central or only temple. But it is still possible that she may be a nursing-mother to the poor scholars of the land, and exercise a benign influence over a vastly increased area of usefulness, without perilling her prestige, or erring against her traditions, or impairing that high, frank, manly tone of the university, which is both the most intangible and also the most precious portion of her goodly inheritance.

F. A.

## CAPTAIN MAURY.

A MEMORABLE meeting was witnessed this summer, when about a hundred and fifty men of science of all nations assembled at a banquet in London to do honour to the distinguished nautical geographer, Captain Maury, formerly of the United States navy. At the outbreak of the civil war, Captain Maury, like General Robert Lee and other noble Virginians, had to choose between resigning his commission in the service that he loved, or fighting against his kinsmen and friends in his native State. In an evil hour he flung up an honourable position, sacrificed his prospects of professional advancement, and became a rebel. During the war his house was burned to the ground, his scientific instruments confiscated, a vast collection of valuable papers and books destroyed, and he came to Europe as an exile. The hardship of his lot touched the sympathy of many men of all shades of political opinion in England, and of men of widely different nationalities. A proposal was made to present Captain Maury with a substantial testimonial, the English committee for carrying out which was joined by the Grand Duke Constantine, High Admiral of Russia, Prince Napoleon, Admiral Jansen of Holland, and other illustrious foreigners. At the banquet held for presenting this testimonial, consisting of a purse of upwards of three thousand guineas, Sir John Pakington, M.P., presided, and was supported by the Danish, Mexican, and Argentine ministers; Admirals the Earl of Hardwicke, Earl Nelson, Back, Codrington, Goldsmith, and Smythe; Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Laird, and many others of conspicuous name or station.

In proposing the health of the guest of the evening, Sir John Pakington gave a highly interesting sketch of the career of Captain Maury, and pointed out the beneficial results which had been produced by his wonderful charts of the winds and of the currents of the ocean. It was owing to Captain Maury, he remarked, that the nautical conference was convened at Brussels in 1853, which led to the establishment of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade; and, as an illustration of the benefits conferred upon commerce by the discoveries of the gallant officer, he mentioned that the practical result of those discoveries had been to lessen the expense of the voyage of a vessel of 1000 tons from this country to Rio, India, or China by no less a sum than £250, while in the voyage of a ship of that tonnage to California or Australia and back the saving effected was £1200 or £1300. The great philosopher Humboldt had said that Captain Maury had discovered a new department of human knowledge; viz., the physical geography of the sea; and, indeed, the eminent services rendered by him to science had been frankly and cordially acknowledged in all parts of the world. Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, the Pope, Holland, Portugal, Bremen, Belgium, and Sardinia had either conferred upon him orders of knighthood, or had struck medals in his special honour; and after the American civil war, in which Captain Maury, a Southerner by birth, had fought on the Confederate side, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia had sent him a most flattering letter offering him an asylum and a home in that country. A similar offer was made by Prince Napoleon in the name of France. It was no wonder, therefore, that the idea should have occurred to many persons of giving Captain Maury some public proof of the respect entertained for him on account of the great services he had rendered to his fellow-men. The idea was first suggested about a year



before, and had been taken up cordially in several countries. Commodore Jansen and Mr. Van Hoboken had sent a contribution of £1100 from Holland; and the Grand Duke Constantine had forwarded to the fund, in the name of the Russian navy, the sum of £1000.

suppose that the whole harvest had been gathered in this field of scientific research. After alluding to the circumstance that he had received the offer of an asylum from the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, as well as from the Grand Duke Constantine and Prince



*yours very truly*

*M. F. Maury*

Altogether the subscriptions amounted to upwards of 3000 guineas, which, on behalf of the subscribers, Sir John Pakington said he had the great honour of requesting Captain Maury to accept, as a recognition of his services, and as a proof of their esteem, admiration, and gratitude. The right honourable chairman then, amid great cheering, presented the testimonial to Captain Maury, who, after expressing his deep sense of the honour conferred upon him, briefly described the means he had adopted for obtaining information from all parts of the world respecting certain phenomena of the sea and air. Without the expenditure of a penny, fleets of merchantmen belonging to every maritime nation had been converted into temples of science and floating observatories. Much had already been done, but it was a mistake to

Napoleon, he concluded by repeating how deeply thankful he was for the handsome testimonial which had been prepared with such kind forethought and generous liberality.

Matthew Fontaine Maury was born in 1806, in the county of Spotsylvania, Virginia. His parents soon after removed to Tennessee, but he ever retained his attachment to his native State. At the age of sixteen he obtained a commission as midshipman in the United States navy, on board the "Brandywine." At nineteen he first saw Europe, the ship carrying back Lafayette to France after his second visit to America. He afterwards spent four years in the "Vincennes" sloop of war, in which he circumnavigated the globe, and had opportunities of observation in many climes and regions. He

was master for a period of the "Falmouth," which was stationed, during his service, in the Pacific. From this he was promoted to be lieutenant on board the frigate "Potomac," where his skilful seamanship and great scientific acquirements obtained him such notice that he was selected to accompany, as director of the astronomical department, Captain Jones on his voyage of exploration then being fitted out. On this expedition, however, he did not sail; circumstances having occurred which induced both him and Captain Jones to tender their resignation. He obtained, after this, the somewhat important post of superintendent of the depository of naval charts and instruments at Washington, and succeeded before long in so reorganizing the entire business of the institution that the name National Observatory was given to it. This name was eventually exchanged for the more appropriate designation of Naval Observatory. His "New Theoretical and Practical Treatise on Navigation" not only proved his thorough mastery over the mathematical sciences that bear on navigation, but showed at the same time his clear perception of what is yet due by science so as to facilitate for the practical mariner the prosecution of his important work, and enable him with greater safety to encounter the inevitable risks of his profession. As Government hydrographer, Maury was enabled to utilize in the best manner his theoretical and practical knowledge. In 1842 he drew out a scheme for simultaneous daily observations to be made on board of all vessels belonging to the United States, whether in the naval or merchant service, when at sea. By this scheme, which was adopted, the direction and force of the wind were registered once in eight hours; the direction, velocity, depths, and limits of the various currents; the temperature of the air, and at the same time that of the water at the surface, and so far as practicable at various depths of the sea; along with a miscellaneous list of phenomena bearing on the line of inquiry. Every vessel at the end of its voyage was to deposit its "Abstract Log" at the National Observatory.

By means of the information thus obtained, wind and current charts of the Atlantic Ocean were drawn up, and corrected according as fresh records afforded the necessary material. In 1844 he read a paper before the National Institute respecting the Gulf Stream, ocean currents, and great circle sailing, which ideas he expanded and developed in his "Explanations and Sailing Directions to accompany the Wind and Current Charts;" "Notice to Mariners; being Routes to Ports in the Pacific, Indian, and South Atlantic Oceans," 1850; and the "Investigation of the Winds and Currents of the Sea," printed in the appendix to the "Washington Astronomical Observations for 1846" (1851).

Great as is the value to men of science of the labours of Captain Maury, their beneficial results to the practical navigator are inestimable. President Pearce stated, in 1855, in his message to Congress, "The passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific ports of the United States has been shortened by about forty days." The passage between the American and English ports has also by the same means been very considerably shortened. "For the whale-fisher," says Charles Knight, in his valuable "Biographical Cyclopædia," "it was found that there were immense belts of ocean from which by physical causes the 'right whale' was entirely excluded, and the true fishing-ground was very clearly indicated. Again, the systematic prosecution of deep-sea soundings led, among other things, to the discovery of what has been called the 'telegraphic plateau,' the existence of which has rendered practicable an electric telegraph between England and America."

He next succeeded in inducing the British Government to adopt in their navy the plan of simultaneous daily observation, which had produced such splendid results when tried in America. At a congress of delegates from all the maritime nations, held at Brussels in 1853, a proposal was agreed to for uniform daily observations at sea by the commanders of ships of all nations. Dr. Lloyd, the President of the British Association in 1857, commented in his inaugural address on the results of that agreement. He observed, "The report of the conference was laid before the British Parliament soon after, and a sum of money was voted for the necessary expenditure. The British Association undertook to supply verified instruments by means of its observatory at Kew; and the Royal Society, in consultation with the most eminent meteorologists of Europe and America, addressed an able report to the Board of Trade, in which the objects to be attended to, so as to render the system of observation most available for science, were clearly set forth. With this co-operation on the part of the two leading scientific societies, the establishment was soon organized. It was placed under the direction of a distinguished naval officer, Admiral Fitzroy, and in the beginning of 1855 it was in operation. Agents were established at the principal ports for the supply of instruments, books, and instructions; and there are now hundreds of ships so furnished, whose officers have undertaken to make and record the required observations, and to transmit them from time to time to the department. The observations are tabulated, by collecting together, in separate books, those of each month, corresponding to geographical spaces bounded by meridians and parallels ten degrees apart."

The "Physical Geography of the Sea," published by Captain Maury in 1855, gave a popular *résumé* of the investigations he had made on that subject. The same year saw a second and enlarged edition of this work.

The Cyclopædia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge enumerates, in addition to Captain Maury's works already named, the following as also from his pen:—"He is the author of a series of 'Letters on the Amazon and the Atlantic Slopes of South America,' 'Refraction and other Tables, prepared especially for the Reduction of Observations at the National Observatory, Washington;' 'On the probable Relation between Magnetism and the Circulation of the Atmosphere;' Appendix to 'Washington Astronomical Observations, 1846' (1851); 'Astronomical Observations made at the National Observatory' (1853); and a 'Letter concerning Lanes for the Steamers crossing the Atlantic' (1854), in which he lays down a plan for the avoidance of collisions with the Atlantic steamers, by confining them to certain eastward and westward tracks or 'lanes,' which, as shown by observations taken from log-books extending over 46,000 days, would afford at the same time the most direct as well as the safest routes." Numerous official charts, prepared by Captain, now Commander, Maury at the Naval Observatory, and published by the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography at Washington, are familiar to the navigators of all nations. In these useful labours he was engaged till he resigned his post at the outbreak of the civil war.

#### A FEW WORDS ABOUT BLIND PEOPLE.

THE School for the Indigent Blind, St. George's Fields, was founded in the year 1799, and now contains about a hundred and seventy blind persons, most of them between the ages of ten and twenty, and all of them

from the poorest class. Into this quiet home they are received, free of expense, for about six years, during which they are, if capable of receiving instruction, taught to read the Bible, to write home a letter to their friends, and to work a sum in arithmetic. They receive regular religious instruction, attending daily morning and evening prayers in the chapel, and the usual full service of the Church on Sundays, and are also carefully taught some industrial trade, such as mat-making, basketwork, weaving, knitting, brush-making, netting, and hairwork, so as to be able to earn at least a portion of their own living when they leave the school. Such as have real talent for it are taught vocal and instrumental music, become members of the choir, and are trained as village organists.\* Such, in very bare outline, is the work of this great school, one of the largest in Europe; and by being thus trained the blind boy is led by slow degrees—for a low they must ever be—in *tenebris servare fidem*, to hold fast his faith in the midst of the gloom, in the darkness to find light. None but those who have felt it, or have mixed intimately with the blind, know what a dreary, dark cloud settles down on the child when blindness befalls him; for a man does not become blind by merely shutting his eyes. Loss of vision affects every part of the sufferer: for a time he is utterly prostrated; it shatters his whole being. He is at once looked on as an inferior, weaker and less capable than his friends and companions—

"And from the cheerful ways of men cut off."

Though most unwilling to believe this himself, he at last often sinks into a state of isolation in which "the darkness may be felt." If his friends are well off and educated people, all possible appliances for good are at once brought to bear on him. The hand of love leads him to the tree of knowledge, and helps him to pluck off the fruit; shows to him some glimpse of light in the darkness, and how it may be made to shine cheerily, by God's help, on his up-hill path. But in the case of a poor man's child his whole life is too often one of simple, dreary neglect. He is pushed aside as helpless or worthless, sinks day by day into a lower state of life, of soul, mind, and body, until, at last, all seems one dreary blank. He begins to fancy that God, who gives to every man his own place in the world, and assigns to each the work he is best fitted to do, for him had no place at all, no work, no responsibility. This is indeed the darkness that may be felt.

In such a case the best thing that can befall a boy is to be sent up to such a school as that in St. George's Fields. Here he will gradually learn that there is a work even for him to do, and that in doing it he will find much happiness and contentment. Within our present scanty limits, of course, it is not possible to do more than treat so wide a subject in the most general terms. We must be content to say that the building is very extensive and capacious, comprising a chapel, school-rooms, shops, store-rooms, work-rooms, kitchens, dormitories, workshops, class-rooms, and all other necessary offices, stretching over nearly two acres of ground, and enclosing two good-sized playgrounds, respectively for girls and boys, with almost every part of which the blind boy has to become acquainted, almost entirely by touch and ear, with a little help from a companion's longer experience. Out of his eighty or ninety fellow-pupils he soon picks a friend; sitting next to him at chapel, at work, and at all other possible times. In a month all the plain sailing is fairly mastered. He can find his way from work-room to work-room,

to chapel, to breakfast, or to bed. In a month or two more he begins to know his own tools, box, clothes, cupboard, and place. In a couple of years he will know the handle of the door to music-room No. 6 from that of No. 7, and will run quickly across the playground exactly to the step outside an open door, never missing his mark by a foot. His senses of touch and hearing are being silently educated, and he is steadily learning to do with ease many things which two years before seemed to him utterly impossible. Not only can he do many things which the boys of the village do, but some which they cannot. He can make a clothes-basket for his mother, or a market-basket for his father, or a rubbish-basket for the masons at work on the new row of houses; he can work a sum in long division as well and as quickly as Tom Brown or Will Smith; he can print a verse of a poem, or a short letter to his friends which they can read with their eyes, and he with the tips of his fingers. But, above all, greatest and best of all gifts, as he will some day find it to be, he can read a chapter out of the Bible for himself. He is beginning to find out light in the darkness, and his whole being is waking up to new life.

Of course it has been a long, sharp trial of patience and perseverance; but now they are bearing their golden fruit. At first everything he attempted seemed hard. All was new and strange to him. He used to cut his fingers instead of the withies; he mistook B for R, and Q for S; the horrors of long division seemed fearful; the cocoa-nut matting was so tangled as to defy the deftest fingers; his mat was all askew; and the bristles slipped through the hole in the back of the brush before he could fasten them in. But now all this is changed: he knows B from R as well as you or I do; he rarely, if ever, chips his fingers; long division is a mere amusement; and he reads out his chapter in St. John or in "Robinson Crusoe" as calmly, steadily, and clearly, though perhaps not so quickly, as a good reader in a national school would do it. And all these things, and many more, he has learned to do mainly by the sense of touch—his servant-of-all-work and detective—to the seeing a vital auxiliary, but to the blind boy the primary sense of all.

Glance for a moment into this workshop, and let us see what is going on. It is a large and lofty room, some twenty feet wide by one hundred and fifty feet long, and in it are now hard at work on basket-making about fifty boys and men, ranged down the sides of the room, each workman sitting on his own low box, with his work before him on the floor, or a special board provided for it. How busy they all seem! The whole scene is one of noisy life, bustle, and work: some are talking to a friend, others humming a tune over their task, or lustily beating the side of some refractory basket into shape with a bar of iron; some are crossing the room in search of fresh osiers, tools, or help and advice from the teacher. But no one would for an instant suppose that all those cheerful, nimble workers were blind, and that to them the whole busy scene was a dreary, darkened-blank. Look where you will, at the youngster of twelve years, whose little hands can scarcely keep down his rough basket in its place, or at the sturdy youth of five-and-twenty who is putting the finishing touch to that mighty basket for the Queen's laundry, and still you will find the same brisk activity, life, and work. A year ago the boy sat moping in the corner of a fisherman's cottage at Torbay, without a spark of animation or hope: the youth was a mere drudge at the

\* More than twenty are now at work in various parts of England.

\* Her Majesty is good enough to patronize the work of the school in this department, and in cord for the royal pictures.



workhouse mangle. Now, as if by magic, their whole nature seems changed. Night is still all round them, as before; but He who made the night as well as the day has found work for their hands; they are learning to do it with heart and will; and, though the sun for them has set, yet it seems as if moon and stars had risen. The clouds have not yet all passed away; but they have "a silver lining."

"The night grows fair, and peaceful calm  
Wraps all the busy earth."

Nor is it only in manual work that this new life and power appear. Two years ago, as the boy sat in the corner of that dreary cottage, with no sound near him for many an hour every day but

"The changeless murmur of the barren sea;"

with no occupation for his idle, weary hands, and no food for his idler, wearier mind—the very powers of that mind appeared to be failing. As to memory, he seemed to have none. If the Sunday-school teacher, or his kind friend the curate, taught him a verse out of the Bible to-day, before his next visit it was all forgotten. Now he can read and learn a whole psalm in an hour or two, and so join in the chapel service on Sunday morning; while there are scores of his companions who have learned and can repeat fifty, sixty, or a hundred psalms, and some who can repeat them all; to say nothing of one who can not only repeat the Psalter, and a vast number of metrical psalms and hymns, but the whole of Milton's "Paradise Lost,"\* and other poems which many a reader with the sharpest pair of eyes and a good memory would find it a heavy task to master. No doubt this is a remarkable instance of memorial power; but the blind man accomplished his task not because of his blindness, but because he set to work with unwearied application and love for his work, in spite of a host of disadvantages. With such a book a Milton, he could, of course, get no help from his reading finger; his embossed books being only portions of the Scripture, few and expensive; and he must therefore depend on the help of others to gain any knowledge of "Paradise Lost." While his friend reads, he listens most intently. He is now "all ear:" not a word, not a syllable escapes him. He cuts off every channel of communication with the outer world, and opens but one inlet to the waves of sound; and so, little by little, and stanza by stanza, he gradually masters his mighty task, and fixes it securely in his mind. Once there, he rarely loses what it has cost him so much time and labour to obtain.

All printing for blind people is in raised, or embossed letters, the shape of which can be at once easily detected by the touch of the finger. There are many systems, but the two chief and best are Alston's, which adopts the common Roman alphabet, such as the rest of the world use; and Moon's, in which some of these letters are changed and modified, with the view of being more easily felt by fingers that have become hardened by old age or manual work. Few books, however, have as yet been printed but portions of the Holy Scriptures; and it is to be hoped that science, which is now doing so much for every other class, will some day help the friends of the blind to lessen the cost of all embossed books, and to increase their variety. The number of blind persons in Great Britain is about 30,000, a large proportion belonging to the middle and lower classes, where blindness especially prevails, because small-pox and fever and exposure to cold go hand in hand with impure air and scanty food; and many a little one

whom disease spares, some chance blow from a stick or a stone, a sudden fall, cold, or neglect dooms to life-long darkness. About 2700 are said to be under twenty years of age; about 2300, above twenty, are employed as labourers or mechanics; 700 carry on the more special work of blind men, as basket-makers, makers of mats, brushes, etc. Of the women, 200 are employed as domestic servants, 100 are sempstresses and dressmakers; a point which, incredible as it may seem, is corroborated by the fact that almost all the linen garments worn by the girls in St. George's School are made by themselves. Of the upper classes, forty-three are clergymen and ministers, seventeen are physicians and surgeons, eleven barristers and solicitors; while thirty-two are officers in the army and navy, having become blind after entering their profession; and six hundred are musicians and teachers of music. Fifty-eight old "salts" have, after long years of service afloat, found a quiet haven in Greenwich Hospital; and about an equal number of old soldiers are Chelsea pensioners.

Before closing this brief sketch, we add a few words as to music. This is the pursuit to which the blind pupil devotes his very utmost powers, giving himself up to it, heart and soul, and finding in it the highest enjoyment and comfort under his affliction, scope for lofty imagination and true religious feeling. Here he is least reminded of his infirmity, and here he—in many cases—attains a high degree of skill. A blind choir of forty, guided and accompanied by a blind organist, performing music of a high class, is indeed a surprising spectacle; and this it is which helps to give such deep beauty and solemnity to the Sunday services at St. George's School.

None, indeed, but He who made the eye can give true sight to the blind; but, in such a service as this, all can take a real and living part; and human hands and human hearts may do much to help them to find out their share in all the privileges, joys, toil, and responsibility of human life.

## THE WATER-SUPPLY OF CITIES AND TOWNS.

### IV.

ALTHOUGH the methods of preserving, purifying, and distributing water for domestic consumption are well and thoroughly known, they are as yet far from being carried out as they ought to be in this country. Even our great cities and large manufacturing towns have on the whole but an inadequate supply, and much remains to be accomplished before the wants of their various communities will be met, as they might be met, if the subject received the attention it really merits. There are scores, probably hundreds of our market towns, with populations varying from two to five thousand or more, which have literally no regular water system available for their use. The inhabitants are left pretty generally to their own resources, and unhappily are often the victims of their ignorance of the laws of health. They sink wells and set up pumps, or they fetch water from the nearest rivulet or spring; and, having at the same time no system of drainage, they suffer their sewerage to accumulate in cesspools, which, in more or fewer instances, filtrate into the pump-wells and drinking sources, and the consequence is a pestilence or fever, the true cause of which remains unsuspected from year to year; so that the diseases become epidemic, recur at regular intervals, and will not be rooted out. Thus multitudes die every year, whose lives might be saved by a little practical knowledge and the use of precautions

\* This is a positive fact.

which such knowledge would help them to. In hundreds of villages and hamlets, the homes of our rural labourers, the case is frequently even more distressing; the only source of water is often a muddy brook, the receptacle of all kinds of impurities, or a stagnant pond swarming with animal life. In exceptional cases, it is true, some benevolent philanthropist has had compassion on the villagers, and, by erecting a public fountain, or by setting up pumps for general use, at his or her sole expense, has provided for their necessities.

Under the existing apathy which prevails with regard to the wants of the country population in this particular, the surface drainage of the land—the best of all possible sources of water supply—is for the most part allowed to run to waste. The time will come—let us hope it is not far distant—when this treasure will be arrested and stored up for use, and be made to yield abundant provision for the poor as well as for the rich. That is one of the problems which the cunning race of engineers will have to solve; and its successful solution will probably reduce the rate of mortality in the provinces to what should be its normal numbers, that is, to something less than two-thirds of what it is at present.\*

Some illustrations of the value of water, as exemplified by what has been done in the way of procuring and distributing it, may be mentioned in this place. For many years past the Municipality of Paris, under the imperial sanction, have been executing various plans for conveying water into dwelling-houses, and throughout the new lines of building the system has been carried out effectually. The water is obtained both from the river Seine and from artesian wells, some of them, like that at Grenelle, sunk to a great depth and yielding enormous quantities of water; the water is stored in reservoirs, and in considerable proportion is filtered in filtering establishments before distribution. The indoor supply is, however, as yet but partial; and, as it would interfere injuriously with the privileges and interests of a large and needy class to make it general throughout the capital, many years will have to elapse before that can be attempted.

Berlin, the capital of Prussia, is now supplied with water, and that most effectually, on the English system, and by a company of English adventurers, who have the speculation in their own hands. The water is derived from the river Spree, on which the city stands, and after undergoing purification is stored in reservoirs in one of the suburbs. The distributing pipes traverse nearly the whole of the streets, and the pressure is sufficient to raise the water to the topmost floors of the houses. The supply is laid on at the demand of the inmates, according to their domestic requirements, and is paid for at rates differing not very materially from those of the London companies.

The city of Glasgow, up to a very late period, was supplied with water from the river Clyde, and from the Gorbals Gravitation Works—the river furnishing water for that portion of the city on its northern bank, and the Gravitation Works meeting the wants of the inhabitants of the southern bank. In order to supersede the objectionable water of the Clyde, a company was formed for the purpose of bringing the water of Loch Katrine

to Glasgow, and thus securing an inexhaustible supply of water known to be of the greatest purity, and adapted alike for drinking and for domestic purposes—the lake water having less than one degree of hardness, and containing but two grains of solid matter in the gallon. This great undertaking was brought to a successful conclusion in 1860, and must be regarded as one of the most important applications of engineering skill to the purposes of water supply which our island can boast of. The water is conducted first by a tunnel, 6975 feet long, through a mountain, and, by aqueducts, pipes, and tunnels, to the reservoir near the city—a distance of upwards of twenty-five miles. The engineering cost of these works was to have been about £540,000 for 26,000,000 gallons per day. Their actual cost was about £700,000, and their produce is 30,000,000 gallons a day. It is satisfactory to know that the inhabitants are not called upon to pay a single penny more in the pound than they formerly paid for the inferior supply from the Clyde; and, more than this, the saving in articles of domestic consumption to which water is applied—such as soap, and tea, and coffee—effected by the requisite purity and softness of the water, as compared with the hard water they had been accustomed to use, is nearly equal to their whole water rate, and is equivalent to a free gift to the city of £1,000,000 sterling. In the consumption of soap alone the saving to the inhabitants on the north of the river will be nearly £30,000 a year. The total population using the Loch Katrine water is not less than 350,000. The annual consumption of soap has been estimated by Mr. Porter at 9.2 lbs. per individual; this at 5½d. per lb. will give £72,000 as the annual cost of soap, in the average of the country, consumed by those 350,000 persons. Since the introduction of the Loch Katrine water, careful returns show that nearly one-half of the soap formerly used will now suffice. If these calculations were to be applied to London, the saving there, allowing for the harder character of the water, would amount to not less than £400,000 per annum, equivalent to the outlay of £10,000,000 of money, which it would be worth the while of the Londoners to pay for water equal in quality to that of Loch Katrine. And this calculation, it should be remembered, leaves out of the question the immense advantages to the public health derivable from the use of soft and pure, instead of hard and impure water.

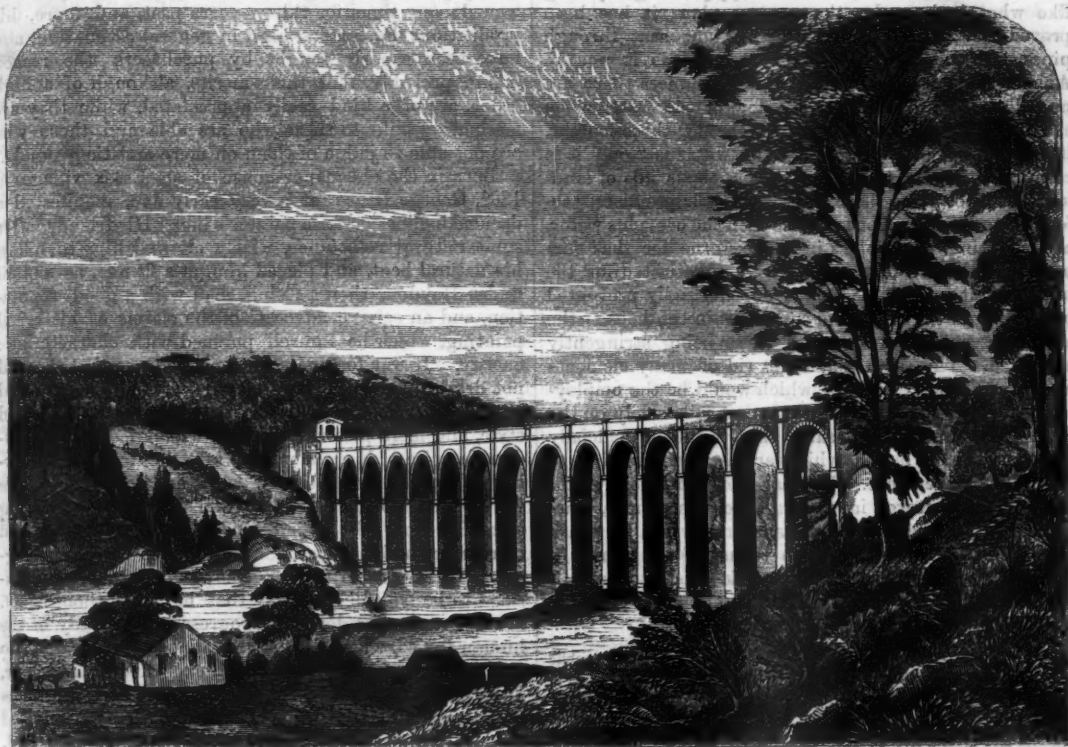
The most remarkable undertaking of our day for conducting water to a city was that by which the river Croton has been made subservient to the water supply of New York, to whose inhabitants it furnishes water in such abundance as has never been equalled anywhere else, unless it was in ancient Rome under the emperors, when the quantity brought by the various aqueducts, and poured into the public fountains and baths, is said to have amounted to more than a hundred gallons a day for each inhabitant.

The Croton aqueduct, which brings the waters of the Croton River to New York, and affords a supply of not less than 60,000,000 gallons daily, is one of the most important public works in existence, and is acknowledged to be superior in grandeur and costliness to anything of the kind executed in modern times. The plans for constructing it were approved in April 1835; in the following July the surveys were begun; in the spring of 1837 the works were commenced, and the completion of the vast undertaking was celebrated on the 14th of October, 1842. The cost of the work was £2,386,158. The pond, now called the Croton Lake, formed by damming up the Croton River, is five miles in length; the aqueduct from this dam to the distributing reservoir is forty and a half

\* Since writing the above we learn that, at a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, a paper was read upon the subject of "Water Supply to small Towns and Villages in Rural Districts," by Mr. Bailey Denton, in which he recommended the storage of agricultural drainage water in small reservoirs of sufficient dimensions to supply the inhabitants of villages with ten gallons each per day. We are unable to pronounce upon the merits of his plan; but some effective measure to meet this crying evil should be put in execution without delay.

miles; and the large mains from this reservoir, through the central part of the city to the Battery, add four miles, making the total length of the main conduit fifty miles. The aqueduct, built of stone, brick, and cement, is a mass of most elaborate masonry, the water channel being an inverted arch. It crosses Harlem River on

on for a fraction of an hour in the day, and it has therefore to be received in cisterns within doors, or in butts and barrels without; the consequence is that pure water for drinking or cooking is never at the Londoner's command. The cistern or barrel, though filled every day, is never emptied, save on the rare occasions—sometimes



THE CROTON AQUEDUCT, HARLEM BRIDGE.

a magnificent bridge 1450 feet long, constructed of well-dressed granite, with fifteen arches, the under side of the bridge being a hundred feet above high tide. The cost of this bridge alone was £200,710. The general declivity of the aqueduct is in its upper part thirteen and a half inches, and in its lower part nine inches. The dam covers about 400 acres, and is available as a reservoir, for 500,000,000 gallons above the level, that would allow the aqueduct to discharge 35,000,000 gallons daily. The receiving reservoir, five miles from City Hall, contains an area of thirty-five acres, is divided into two equal parts, and has a capacity for 150,000,000 gallons. The distributing reservoir, three miles from City Hall, incloses four acres, is also divided into two equal parts, and has a capacity for 25,000,000 gallons. The new reservoir in the Central Park, begun in 1856, covers ninety-seven acres, and was constructed at a cost of £250,000. The total length of street pipes is nearly 300 miles, and the receipts for water are about £1,250,000 per annum.

Before dismissing this subject we may be allowed to remark upon one condition of our water service, the maintenance of which is fraught with mischief to all parties concerned, companies as well as consumers. We allude, of course, to the system of intermittent supply which prevails in London and in most of the large towns of the provinces: In London the water is only turned

year's apart—on which it is cleaned out. It may and does happen, therefore, that the water sent in weeks, months, or years ago, though diluted by daily accessions, is never exhausted, and we go on drinking a mixture which has been imbibing impurities from a foul atmosphere, it is impossible to say how long. The result of this upon the health of the community needs only to be suggested; medical men have already pointed to its effect in the production of dysentery and cholera, and other diseases which are the scourges of populous cities.\* The objections made by the water companies against

\* In London the water is not turned on at all on the Sunday—the consequence being that on that day some half-million of the poor, who then need it most, do not get any. "In many houses," says a writer in "The Times" of the 3rd of January last, "the water for the Sunday uses has to be begged from neighbours. . . . Sometimes, for part of Sunday and Monday, a whole court has to borrow for their scant necessities from a 'public' at the corner. Thus the day of all others when the homes of the poor are crowded, the means of cleanliness and comfort are even less than on the working days." Nor is this the worst that can be said. Many of the dwellings of the poor are without the means of storing water at all, unless it be such jugs, bottles, kettles, and other vessels as they happen to possess; and, with these in hand, they may often be seen waiting at the entrances of the narrow courts where they dwell for the arrival of the turncock, who, when he comes, affords them nothing better than a flow of some twenty minutes' duration from a half-inch pipe. Such, and no more, is, in some localities, the daily supply for some twenty families. In the house-to-house visitations during the cholera outbreak, most painful disclosures have been made as to the bad arrangements in this matter.



a constant supply are based, it would seem, upon a fear of waste, and a suspicion that consumers would make use of more water than they paid for. But, if that is their fear, water-meters might be used as gas-meters are already, and the rate of payment be apportioned to the consumption. But in point of fact there is no danger of the waste, under a constant supply, being anything like what it is under the present plan; it has been proved that, of the water which is now sent through pipes into London, upwards of two-thirds is wasted. Among the poor and middle-class consumers there are no ball-cocks used to stop the flow of the water when the barrel or the cistern is full, so that for three-fourths, it may be, out of the time that the water is "on," it is running over and to waste. Again, thousands of landlords will not have the ball-cock on their premises, preferring to flush the house-drains with the overplus water, and inserting waste-pipes in the cisterns for that purpose. If the constant supply were substituted for the intermittent one, waste might be effectually prevented by having all the delivering cocks within the house—the use of cisterns and reserves of water being stringently abolished. This plan would get rid of many elements of expense, not the least of which would be the employment of salaried turncocks, whose cost falls solely on the companies; and at the same time would beneficially affect the public health, while largely administering to the public convenience. We may add, that there would be no risk whatever in making the experiment, inasmuch as the system of constant supply has for years been followed in some of the towns of the north of England, and has been found to work satisfactorily both in economising the water and in diminishing the cost of its distribution among consumers.\*

\* "The town of Plymouth was supplied with water by the public spirit and enterprise of the great English admiral Sir Francis Drake. It appears from the ancient records that water was exceedingly scarce in Plymouth, and the inhabitants had to send their clothes more than a mile from the town to be washed, and that the water used for domestic purposes was mostly fetched from Plympton, about five miles distant. Sir Francis Drake, who was born within ten miles of Plymouth, and settled in the neighbourhood of the town after having realized a considerable fortune by his adventures on the Spanish Main, observing the great inconvenience suffered by the population from this want of water, as well as the difficulty of furnishing the ships frequenting the port with that indispensable necessity, conceived the project of supplying the deficiency by leading a store of water to the town from one of the numerous springs in Dartmoor. Accordingly, in 1597, when he represented Boscainy (Tintagel), in Cornwall, he obtained an Act enabling him to convey a stream from the river Mew or Meavy; and in the preamble to the Act it was expressed that its object was not only to insure a continual supply of water to the inhabitants, but to obviate the inconvenience hitherto sustained by seamen in watering their vessels. It would appear, from documents still extant, that the town of Plymouth contributed £200 towards the expenses of the works, Sir Francis being at the remainder of the cost; and, on the completion of the undertaking, the corporation agreed to grant him a lease of the aqueduct for a term of twenty years at a nominal rental. Drake lost no time in carrying out the work, which was finished in 1591, four years after the passing of the Act.

"The 'Leet,' as it is called, is a work of no great magnitude, though of much utility. It was originally nothing more than an open trench cut along the sides of the moor, in which the water flowed by a gentle inclination into the town and through the streets of Plymouth. The distance between the head of the aqueduct at Sheep's Tor and Plymouth, as the crow flies, is only seven miles; but the length of the Leet—so circuitous are its windings—is nearly twenty-four miles. After its completion Drake presented the Leet to the inhabitants of Plymouth 'as a free gift for ever,' and it has since remained vested in the corporation. . . . Two years after the completion of the Leet, the burgesses, probably as a mark of their gratitude, elected Drake their representative in Parliament. The water proved of immense public convenience, and Plymouth, instead of being one of the worst supplied, was rendered one of the best watered towns in England. Until a comparatively recent date the water flowed from various public conduits, and it ran freely on either side of the streets—as is still observed at Salisbury and other southern towns—that all classes of the people might enjoy the benefit of a full and permanent supply throughout the year. One of the original conduits still remains at the head of Old Town Street, bearing the inscription, 'Sir Francis Drake first brought this water into Plymouth, 1591.'—*Smiles's "Life of Middleton,"*

## GEORGE LANCE.

THE name of Lance, during a period of time extending beyond that of an average generation, has been as familiar to the lovers of art, and especially to the collectors of art gems, as that of any other painter of his time. His popularity, though it rose rather suddenly, never waned; any time, for thirty years past, and more, his productions have stood high in general estimation, and have been eagerly sought by purchasers—the reason being, probably, that their merits, although of a high order, are of a kind easily appreciated, while they are fascinating alike to those who are able and those who are not able to judge of them on more artistic grounds.

Born in the old manor-house of an Essex village in 1802, George Lance, at a very early age, manifested a decided inclination for a painter's life. His friends, after some natural reluctance, wisely allowed him to follow his natural bent, and placed him, at a fit age, as a pupil under Haydon, then a rising man with a good reputation, and an earnest advocate of the claims of historical painting, which he himself pursued with characteristic energy. It was fortunate for young Lance that he did not drink very deeply of the spirit of his teacher, and was not carried away with the mania for the grand style, and mere pictorial bigness, which led poor Haydon, in spite of his real merits, into the most bewildering difficulties, and ultimate defeat and despair. While working sedulously under Haydon's direction, drawing carefully from the living model, or from the Elgin marbles, or making anatomical studies in the dissecting-room, Lance was laying up knowledge which was destined to be fruitful in a way that he little thought of. He had made but doubtful progress in the study of the human figure, when, being led, almost by accident, to paint some groups of fruit, as an experiment in colour, he produced a picture so charming and so truthful as to delight and astonish his instructors. He was advised to devote himself exclusively to this walk of art; and, though he did not accept the advice at once, but, naturally enough, clung for a time to the pursuit of historical painting, in which he had hopes of excelling, he had the good sense in the end to relinquish that ambition, and to pursue with vigour the branch of study for which his genius had declared itself.

It was not long after his mind had been thoroughly made up, ere Lance's marvellous skill as a painter of still life asserted itself and gained general recognition. Some of his first pictures made their appearance on the walls of the British Institution. They were not only groups of fruit, but of birds, fish, vegetables, and the usual accessories of still-life pictures—goblets, vases, carvings, chasing in gold and silver, and other splendid objects, selected for their brilliancy of colour or force of contrast. Lance continued to exhibit in the "British" down to the end of his life: we do not remember any exhibition there, for the last twenty years at least, that did not contain some of his pictures; and it was rare indeed to encounter a single one to which the little ticket inscribed "SOLD" was not attached. He was also a frequent exhibitor in the Suffolk Gallery, and in the Royal Academy also, where his larger pictures usually occupied the post of honour on the sight-line. They were looked for regularly as the season came round, by the habitual visitors, and always elicited terms of admiration from groups of delighted spectators. Some of them, as the "Peacock"—a dazzling burst of pure colour—and the "Preparation for the Banquet"—a mass of luscious fruit and table luxuries—will perhaps recur to the recollection of the reader.

The characteristics of Lance's style, apart from the splendour of his colouring, from which it seems to have been impossible for him to refrain, were that thorough skill in grouping, both as to form and colour-contrast, which made his pictures pleasing as compositions and generally quiet and harmonious, notwithstanding their exuberant brilliancy; together with that amount of careful, though rarely very elaborate finish, which such subjects always demand. He had not the delicate tenderness which marks the best works of Van Huysum, but he compensated for it, in some degree at least, by the superior force, and a relief at times almost stereoscopic, which we see in his best pictures. Above all, he invariably put into his productions good drawing—a quality more valuable than any other, and which we are bound to say was an extremely rare thing, if it was not altogether an unknown thing, among English fruit and still-life painters before his time. Lance could not be content with bad drawing, even in a bunch of currants or the petals of a May-blossom; perhaps his grape-bunches show this quality most plainly; they are invariably severely drawn, with a minute adherence to the facts of nature, delightful to gardeners and grape-growers—every stalk and tendril having its true character, and declaring as plainly as the fruit itself the designation of the vine on which it grew. The drawing of his pine crowns is deserving of equal praise, as is also that of the vases, goblets, and other accessories of an artificial kind, which he was fond of introducing, and always painted with conscientious accuracy. There can be no doubt that Lance owed this talent and habit of severe drawing to his early training under Haydon, and that thorough drilling of eye and hand upon which Haydon would be sure to insist. What he did not owe to Haydon, and could never have owed to so hasty, not to say slovenly an artist, was the marvellous mastery of his material which Lance's works exhibit, and the habit of putting into them a vast amount of honest and diligent labour. In illustration of the former quality we may point to a picture, painted twenty years ago, representing a number of cod-fish, ling, and sea-eels on a fishmonger's board. At this moment, after hanging in a fishmonger's drawing-room for twenty years to dry, these fish are wet—wet, be it observed, not with mere water, but with the salt-sea ooze and slime. The subject is not a bewitching one, but, as a sample of the literal truth expressible by mere paint, it strikes us as unrivalled. As illustrations of the amount of real work which it was his custom to put into his pictures, we may point to nearly all of them, since anything sketchy and unfinished in the canvases he sent forth was the rare exception, not the rule. He shrank from nothing, however tedious or exhaustive the subject he undertook; it was never slurred over, but worked out with a pertinacious industry that found its own reward. At times, as if to tax his perseverance to the utmost, he would set himself most laborious tasks, such as painting a savoy cabbage with a hundred thousand pits and wrinkles in its leaves; or a damask table-cloth, that should show not only the pattern woven in the loom, but the warp and weft of the fabric itself. The reader may perhaps object that to do this is not the business of art; that is true, but there are seasons when the pure artistic faculty needs repose, while the inclination to work remains strong and active, and at such times artists will find the rest they want in the quiet and persistent exercise of the mechanical impulse.

Although pre-eminently a painter of fruit and still-life, and standing throughout his whole career at the head of his profession in this department of art, Lance

never entirely gave up his early liking for history and figure painting. His picture of "Melancthon," where the young reformer stands surprised and indignant at the excess and indulgence of his superior, is well known from the engraving, which is in every print-seller's stock. Other "conversation pictures" not so well known were exhibited between 1844 and 1850, and several, painted for his private patrons, were never exhibited at all. These pictures were marked by the same careful drawing, brilliant colour, and skill in composition as characterised the still-life pieces, and some of these were even finer examples of minute and careful labour. One or two of the best of these were in the possession of the late Mr. Broderip, who was justly proud of them, and who used to point to a country girl in a quilted dress, who carried a basket on her head, as Lance's masterpiece in this department of art. Mr. Broderip was also the proprietor of the celebrated picture "The Red Cap," representing a monkey meddling with the contents of the fruit store, and which was one of the most minutely finished of Lance's productions. A duplicate of this picture, with some unimportant alterations, was painted for Mr. Vernon, and now forms a part of the Vernon collection in the Kensington Museum, where also will be found the original of our coloured illustration.

In 1845 a picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, "An Incident in the Life of the Duc de Biron," which has been thought his finest work. A figure and fruit piece, "The Seneschal," is also much admired. It is one of four pictures in the dining-hall of Sir Morton Peto's mansion, near Lowestoft, the other three being by Stanfield, Herbert, and Sir E. Landseer.

Occasionally, though not very often, Mr. Lance shared his canvas with some brother artist—the two uniting to produce the picture. One of the best examples of this kind, and, to our thinking, the most chaste and classical picture from Lance's easel, was exhibited a few years back at the British Institution. The foreground, consisting of a pile of luscious fruit, was given by Lance, in a rich and chastened tone of colour; and the landscape background, in which were a group of dancing satyrs, was by John Gilbert.

Lance's pictures have always commanded a high price in the market, and were perhaps as much sought after as those of any painter of his time. They are mostly of a comparatively small size, fit for the cabinet or the library; and when hung they glisten like gems on the wall, at once attracting and satisfying the eye. It is perhaps to be regretted that the desire for his works has led to the diffusion of so many of his rough sketches and ideas of pictures, which have nothing but a technical merit, and in justice to the painter's fame should have been suppressed.

English art suffered a real loss by the death of George Lance. He has left no successor in his peculiar walk—Duffield, the best of his pupils, having gone before him to the grave. That he did not belong to the Royal Academy, even as an Associate, may surprise those who are not aware of the rule which excludes painters of "still life." The rule might have been relaxed in the case of an artist who had succeeded also in historical figure subjects. Those Academicians who have generous hearts as well as skilful hands must now regret that the Academy missed the honour of having the name of George Lance on its roll.

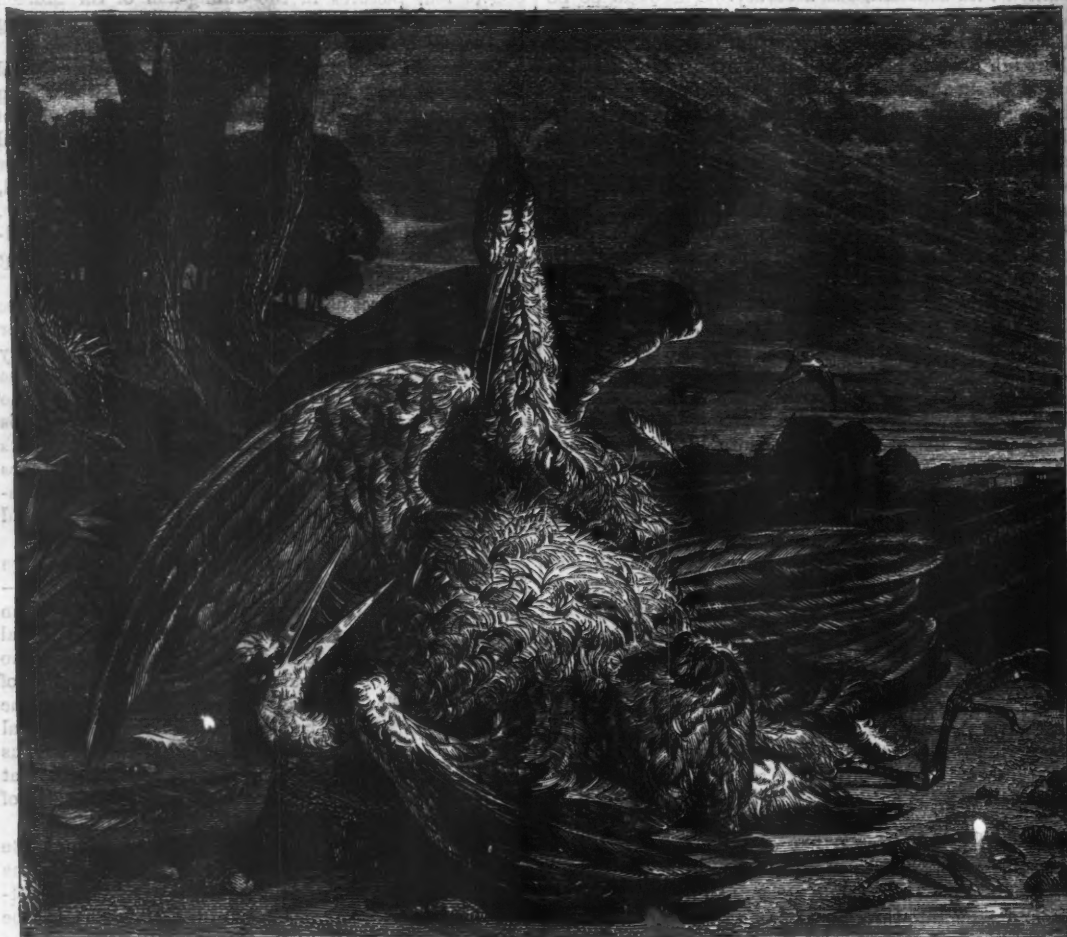
Hitherto we have spoken of Mr. Lance only as the artist. Whilst it is true that the impression left on the mind by his pictures is singularly vivid and lasting, those who had the privilege of his friendship will be inclined to think of the man even more than of the

painter. Admiration of the genius which left its traces on his canvas ranks second to admiration of the bright and loving spirit which so eminently distinguished his personal character.

He had qualities which must anywhere have insured success. That faculty for imitation to which the painter of still life is more than any other indebted, was inborn in Mr. Lance, and developed itself in his conversation in marvellous mimetic power. His personal appearance aided his faculty for gaining and keeping attention. No one that ever saw him can forget the lithe, agile figure, the long black hair which even to the end of his life gave him an appearance of singular youthfulness, and the mobile features interpreting every thought with marvellous accuracy. It can be matter of astonishment to no one that those who never learned to admire his paintings delighted in his companionship. We cannot think without a certain sadness of that bright happy face, and that eye brimfull of fun, and the continual stream of recollections, jokes, and wise sayings which flowed from his lips. To have known such a man is one of the privileges of life, to miss him from the circle of one's friends is one of its saddest sorrows.

But there was that beside in Mr. Lance which added lasting worth to the charm of his friendship, and which makes the mention of his loss sad only to those whom he has left behind him. He was a true and thorough

Christian, never hesitating in any society to profess his faith, and never failing to practise its teachings. Religion had so interwoven itself into his nature that it came out naturally wherever he went and in whatever he said; he knew no shame for that which cheered him when sad, and hallowed his gladness when he was fullest of mirth. His feeling on every subject to which he gave his attention was strong, and in matters of religion almost, at times, too intense for his delicate and sensitive frame. We must not trespass on the sacred secrecies of the soul, all the less must we do so because it was Mr. Lance's nature to share his emotions with those who enjoyed his intimate friendship; but the recollection of that pure and tender spirit filled with lofty Christian principle, and always at the service of those who sought his counsel and guidance, warrants us in saying as much as this. These lines may meet the eye of some of those young men who formed themselves into a debating society under Mr. Lance's presidency a few years previous to his death; to them it will be welcome to recall the happy hours spent in his society. And all who love to see the spirit of piety consecrating genius, in whatever department of science, or literature, or art it is manifested, will be glad to know that the finest fruit painter that England has yet produced had other and still nobler claims to their respect and admiration.



THE FIGHTING HERONS.

G. Lance



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# THE SUNDAY AT HOME,

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

IN MONTHLY PARTS, 6d.; IN WEEKLY NUMBERS, 1d.

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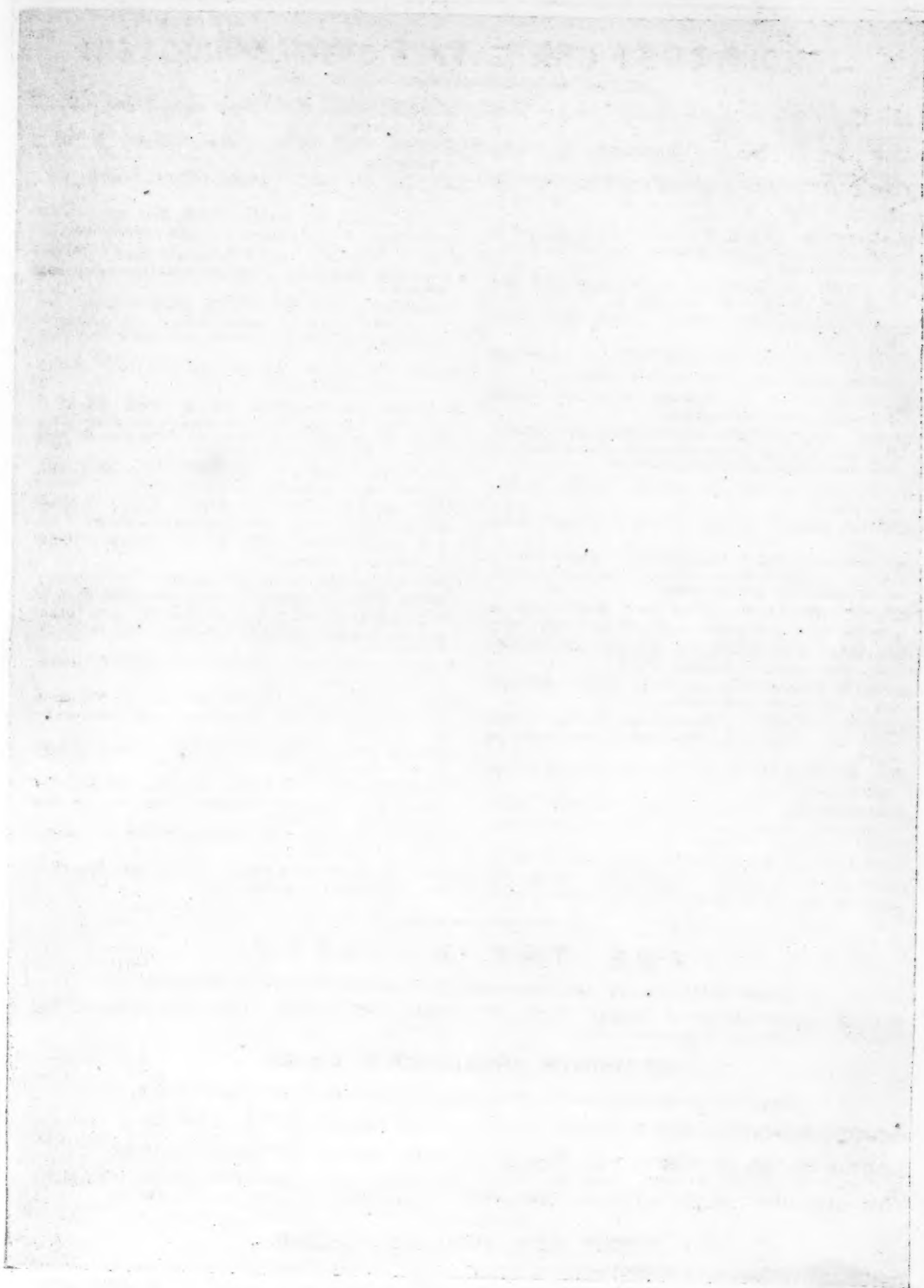
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